Heat Wave Number.

Modern Life

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SALTED TO TASTE.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

The King's Dilemma—and a way out!

The end of the season finds the King engaged in the most acrimonious dilemma of his reign. Having in a perfectly friendly and impartial way called a conference in the hope that under the Royal ægis the impending strife in Ulster may be averted, his Majesty finds himself reviled on all hands for having done something of an "unconstitutional" character. Frankly, the King would have been well advised to have stood by the practice of his forebears and allowed the politicians to do their silly will, and take the just consequences of their acts. His Majesty seems to have forgotten the precepts so carefully laid down by his grandfather for the guidance of his descendants at Windsor Castle on December 18th, 1860.

* * *

"The King Can Do No Wrong!"

The Prince Consort laid down in the most explicit form the theory that so long as the Sovereign allows the Cabinet to order the country's affairs, no blame for their wrong-doing can attach to the Crown. From that day to this no Sovereign has ever attempted to proceed on any other lines than those laid down by Queen Victoria's husband. The Prince Consort declared: "The notion that the responsibility of his advisers impairs the Monarch's dignity and importance is a complete mistake. Here we have no law of ministerial responsibility, for the simple reason that we have no written constitution, but this responsibility flows as a logical necessity from the dignity of the Crown and of the Sovereign."

'The King can do no wrong,' says the legal axiom, and hence it follows that somebody must be responsible for his measures if these be contrary to law, or injurious to the country's welfare. Ministers here are not responsible *qua* ministers; that is *qua* officials (as such they are responsible to the Crown), but they are responsible to the Parliament and to the people, or the country, as advisers of the Crown. Any one of them may advise the Crown, and whoever does so is responsible to the country for the advice he has given." Ever since that document was penned, the Sovereign has refused to take any responsibility for the acts of his ministers, and nothing could be more injurious to the position of King George than any failure to follow the precedents set by his illustrious father and grandfather.

* * *

A Monarch Who Is Too Sincere.

No one can but admire King George for the effort he has made for peace. But it is a case of his Majesty proving too sincere; and for the sake of the dynasty it would be well if he left things alone. The important question now about to arise is: Will his Majesty dispose of the whole Ulster nightmare by refusing the Royal Assent to the Home Rule Bill, and by so doing force the Prime Minister to go to the country on the point. That would indeed be a plucky and determined act of the Sovereign, but to that length we doubt very much whether King George dare go. No Sovereign since William the Fourth has even dared to threaten such a refusal.

* * *

The Five Queens Concoct a Romance.

I hear that a romance of the first importance has been hatched in the Royal family lately. It concerns a certain princess of Great Britain and Ireland and a handsome young Greek prince, and everything has been arranged at Marlborough House with the full approval of Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Dowager Queen of Greece, and the new Queen of the same country, all assembled within the residence of the Queen-Mother in London. (The Fifth Queen was, of course, the Russian Dowager). I hear that it is not to be publicly announced for another year, but that everything is settled, providing the happy fiancé does not get too seriously in the princess's bad books during the next twelve months. The wedding, of course, will take place in England, and all London will turn out to greet the blushing bride upon her nuptial day.

* * *

Austrian Emperor's Domestic Coup.

As we pointed out a fortnight ago, all the anticipated trouble over the Austrian succession was moonshine. But the Austrian Emperor took care that no opportunity should be left to those of his many enemies who would have loved to "raise a dust" about the "rights" of the children of the late Archduke and his morganatic wife. Immediately the news of the deaths of their father and mother had been broken to the two sons and daughter of the deceased pair, the old Emperor summoned the Hohenberg children to the Hofburg in Vienna, and I hear that he has kept them there ever since.

* * *

Squashing the Hungarian Succession Question.

Henceforth they are to be brought up strictly under the Emperor's supervision in order that they may receive their precise position in the Austrian aristocracy, and be properly taught the duty of adding strength to the dynasty by not allowing

themselves to be made pawns in the Hungarian political game. A great future lies before the young Duke of Hohenberg and his brother and sister, providing they make no claim to the Hungarian throne. Should they do so, banishment swift and sure would be their lot, and once outside Austria they would be practically nobodies. So there need be no more rash statements about the succession problem in Austria-Hungary.

* * *

Another Set of Austrian Royal "Revelations."

The House of Hapsburg seems to provide the public with a romance a week, but the latest is one that should be taken with certain grains of salt. It is the coming book by a lady who says she is the secret daughter of the Austrian Emperor's late wife. She has carefully impressed the papers with her personality, and whetted their whistles for the secret "revelations" in store when the book comes out. But the instance she selects in order to do this is unfortunate.

* * *

How King Ludwig's Tragedy was Produced.

The Countess Zanardi Landi, as she is called, says "I want to tell you that the most entire freedom existed between myself and my mother. She explained to me many things that I can only characterise as carefully-guarded secrets. Take for instance the heart-breaking tragedy that resulted in the death of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria. She told me the story in all detail as it was told to her hardly an hour after the event by one who was there."

* * *

Dirty Work by Count Holnstein.

But the Austrian Empress's version of this story has already been told by her neice, Countess Larisch. What happened to Ludwig of Bavaria was this: He was engaged to be married to Princess Sophie of Bavaria, a lady of his own family. Ludwig was then a romantically-minded boy of eighteen, and he was sincerely in love with his fiancée. But for some reason or other it was decided that the match should not take place. So Count Holnstein, the Bavarian Master of the Horse, was persuaded to inveigle the Princess into a flirtation in order to arouse the King's jealousy.

The Court photographer entered the plot, and took some very "affectionate" photographs of Princess Sophie and her supposed lover, and when the usual well-meaning friend showed them to King Ludwig he became highly suspicious of his fiancée, and constantly postponed the wedding, until the lady's father, Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, wrote to Ludwig to say that he would no longer allow his daughter to be treated with contumely.

* * *

The Sad Fate of the Jilted Princess Sophie.

The King, driven into a corner by his prospective father-in-law, and incited by his scheming coun-

Beatrix: "Next week Harold and I will be made partners for life."
Biddy: "And you will be the senior partner How nice!"

Youthful escort: "Mind you don't get out of your depth, sis!"

sellors, broke off the match, and at once began to go mad and eventually ended up by drowning himself. Princess Sophie, who loved him truly, sorrowed for years, but eventually accepted the hand of the Duc d'Alencon, and died in the Charity Bazaar holocaust in Paris nearly twenty years ago.

* * *

The Motto Farce of the L.C.C.

The pathetic effort to find a suitable heraldic motto for the County Council of London has given the suburbanites a fine opportunity to appear in print with their pet ideas. The genius of the bunch in my opinion is the man who suggested "God help us!" as London's "motter." Another bright spark thought "Abandon hope all ye who enter here!" worth prepetrating. And very appropriate, too. In any case we expect the L.C.C. will select some flamboyant inscription which will prove a perpetual rebuke to the Metropolitans, like some of our ennobled nonentities. For instance, there was Bob Smith, who used to be President of the old Board of Control. He had been Lord of the Treasury and Secretary for War, and though you never heard his name in your life he got a coronet a little over half-a-century ago and selected the motto, "Vernon Always Flourishes."

* * *

Peer's Brother who Keeps a Public-House.

The motto must have made his descendants squirm hundreds of times since then, for the Lord Lyveden of to-day has known what it is to balance pots and cutlets in a cheap tavern in New York, and we have met him in country towns doing super's work on the stage at less than two pounds a week! His brother, the Hon. Sydney Vernon, keeps a pub at High Wycombe, and yet the last Lord Lyveden married one of the Wentworth-Fitzwilliams, a daughter of the fifth Earl of that ilk, and had "pots of money!" Bob Smith changed his name to Vernon on being ennobled, but, in spite of their high-falutin' motto, no family in the Peerage has known such vicissitudes as the Vernons!

* * *

Remarkable Peerage Romance.

Last Tuesday week all the morning papers published a telegram from Los Angeles, California, stating that the erection of a simple graveyard memorial there had "revealed the fact that the Earl of Caithness had died there a few days ago." The papers must have short memories, for they had all published accounts of the death of Lord Caithness in California a month before. Lord Caithness was the head of a family which has suffered severely from the eccentricities of mankind—as represented by its own members. The late Earl went abroad over twenty years ago as the result of a private family feud, which has never before been revealed to the public and is now told in print for the first time.

* * *

The Dying Out of a Once-famous Family.

Of the unusually romantic lineage of Lord Caithness we need say nothing. This story begins in 1881, when the fourteenth Earl of Caithness died,

leaving his Scottish estates to his only son. The fourteenth Earl had been a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and was the last of the Earls of Caithness who played any part in the social rotula. To-day the title is all but unknown, even to the "best people." The aforesaid fifteenth Earl died in 1889, and for a time it was supposed that the earldom was extinct, as the family had not been fecund for several generations.

* * *

The Departure of the Late Earl for America.

The fifteenth Earl had, therefore, let the family stronghold, which had been inhabited by Sinclairs for six hundred years, to an old college friend, a Mr. Heathcote, and when the rightful sixteenth Earl eventually came into the title, he had nothing with which to maintain its dignity. The dead Earl, it may be added, was an unpleasant person, for in order to enrich Mr. Heathcote he cut his only daughter clean out of his will. The new Earl quickly got "fed up" with being a lord without lordly means, and when another trouble came his way, it finally put an end to his connection with Britain.

* * *

Strange Instance of Human Vanity.

This was the death of a distant relation, a Mr. Buchan, who possessed a handsome estate, called Auchmacoy, in Aberdeenshire. It was confidently expected that Mr. Buchan was leaving his property to the Caithness family, and so it proved. But, such is human vanity, in order that his obscure name might be preserved, he cut the Earl of Caithness out of the succession, and left Auchmacoy to his Lordship's next brother. And he also provided that every time a Sinclair should succeed to the Caithness earldom he was to clear out of Auchmacoy —although he had no other home!—and hand it over to some other member of the family. Naturally such a will finally severed the brothers Sinclair, and the Earl became a permanent exile in California, where he was careful never to announce himself other than as plain "Jack Sinclair."

* * *

Amazing Position of the New Earl of Caithness.

Now more trouble is about to follow. It will probably be in all the papers about this time next year. The death of the Californian ranchman-earl has made a peer of his brother, the Hon. Norman Macleod-Buchan, a Bedford Row attorney, with an office in Abingdon Street, Westminster. Under the will of old James Buchan the new Earl came in for the Auchmacoy property no less than thirty years ago, and has enjoyed it ever since. He married Higford-Higford's daughter, and though he has had twin daughters as well as daughters in "ones," he has never had a son to succeed to the Buchan estate. Hence he has now got to clear out of the property, which has been his home for three decades, as under the will of James Buchan he cannot retain Auchmacoy now that he has succeeded to the Caithness peerage. The next heir to Auchmacoy is, therefore, the parson-brother of the late Earl, who is a Gloucestershire rector, and has no sons; and the other brother, the Hon. George Sinclair, who was in the Legal Department of the Board of Trade, is in the same heirless position. So altogether the Caithness family are in for trouble.

A tourist complains that owing to the closing of the museums he is unable to see any antiques. We beg to draw his attention to our revue choruses.

* * *

The *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Observer* changed hands last week, and many of the Radical papers were sold over the Conference.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Reggie (suddenly surrounded by the tide): "Ow-ow! Auntie. Look what that man's been and gone and done!"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE SPOOF CONFERENCE.

It is difficult to see how any of the political leaders could possibly come to the conclusion that the Palace Conference had any chance of success. The whole affair, indeed, seems to have been a stroke in the good old game of party politics. It was probably engineered right from the commencement by Mr. Asquith, at whose request the King probably gladly "chipped in," and became officially responsible for a bold and new stroke which it is no disrespect to his Majesty to say he was hardly capable of initiating himself.

The King is a splendid fellow of the manly, brusque, non-intellectual naval type, and the very essence of all that is signified by the word "duty" and the phrase "devotion to the best interests of England." But it is well known that he is just a simple kind of country gentleman, with no pretentions to originality or genius, and certainly no ambition whatever to pose as one knowing much about the mysteries of constitutional law and history. It is true that, as the King is in the habit of consulting men like Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, not to mention Lord Stamfordham and others in close connection with him, it is possible that others might have led him into such a bold proposal as the Palace Conference was. But knowing as we do the King's earnest desire (and also the Queen's desire) to do nothing whatever to lead to even the slightest criticism of royalty in these democratic days, and his wish to keep out of the broil of party politics as much as possible, it appears more than likely that the craftiness of Mr. Asquith in matters of politics has had another run for its money, and that our "wait and see" and "time will show" Prime Minister has once again been up to his old game—running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, and so trying to save the situation for the extraordinary admixture of politicians that comprises the Coalition Party.

Mr. Asquith is, remember, quite a resourceful and very exceptional Premier. He is altogether different from any Premier England has ever had. Even his most tested coherents in the Liberal Party find it exceedingly hard to get to the bottom of him, to understand his ways and means. He has brought into politics a peculiar mixture of the classical mind of Oxford and the wily, cute mind of an American lawyer, who is out to win a case for his client at all costs.

And so it seems to me that right from the commencement Mr. Asquith knew that the Conference would fail, and perhaps intended it to fail. How was it possible for it to do anything else? Mr. Redmond is not his own master by a long, long way. American dollars and instructions are ever hanging over his head. How then could he possibly agree to sacrifice the Nationalists of either Tyrone or anywhere else? Sir Edward Carson, though leader of Ulster, is far from being a leader in the middle-ages sense of the word. In these days of education among the masses of the people, the people of Ulster would not be likely to bow down before any Conference or any Carson if their leader gave away their case, and the case of Protestantism. How then could Sir Edward Carson contribute to the success of the Palace scheme? His hands were tied. The same arguments apply, by analogy, to Mr. Asquith and to Mr. Bonar Law.

The whole caboodlum, indeed, was a huge piece of bluff and spoof from beginning to end. Mr. Asquith, knowing that he and his party had brought the good ship of State well nigh on to the rocks, wanted to save his face with history. He wanted history to say that at any rate Asquith—the great Prime Minister—had done his best. So he whispered in the ear of the King the suggestion that it would be very nice for his Majesty if history said that at any rate George V. had done his best at the crucial point. And the King walked into the trap. And the Conference sat. And the Conference broke up. And once again we are in the middle of the senseless and silly game of party politics. Civil war is on our flank—on both our flanks. International war is brewing in Europe. But we are all going for our holidays just the same. It looks as if Nero once more were fiddling while Rome is burning. The headlines in the newspapers are getting bigger and bigger. The block type on the posters is getting so huge that you can hardly get far away enough to read it. The *Daily Mail* is shouting and screaming and grinning up its sleeve. And so we are in for the greatest civil war since the storm in America in the good old days of Lincoln. But is it so? Is it really thus? I don't believe it! I may be wrong, for even journalists have been known to make mistakes. But I stick to my guns as mounted in this column long months ago. There'll be no civil war. The whole thing is the most magnificent effort in party politics seen in our time—in any time. Magnificent, yes! "C'est magnifique, mais cè n'est pas la guerre."

And there will not be war for the simple reason that the British people will not stand real civil war at this time of day. Never mind what the party papers may say, even at this apparently crucial moment in Ireland's history the English people do not believe there will be civil war. If Mr. Asquith cannot put his policy through without more than civil *strife* at the worst (and that sort of civil war there is sure to be), there is bound to be a general election. It could not be helped under the conditions of our constitution. And a general election would either bring the Conservative Party back to power, and thus lead to some sort of new scheme of self-government for Ireland to which all parties could agree, or else it would lead to a great Liberal victory on the cry of King and Army v. People. And such a Liberal victory would certainly mean that if Ulster still talked moonshine about rebellion Ulster would be sent to the bottom of the sea either by the present army or a people's army.

"Procrastination is the thief of time," say the school copybooks. But Mr. Asquith has had to go through a brilliant career at Oxford and in the House of Commons in order to discover the truth of the little maxim that I learnt with ease (assisted by stick) at a simple dame's school. No wonder the psalmist said something about clever old gentlemen living till they were as old as Methuselah and then dying damn-fools. Two years ago Mr. Asquith and his Government had peace in their hands. They should have clapped Carson and Co. in gaol and suppressed even the beginnings of rebellion. They didn't do it. Now they are paying the cost.

Jonathan Grub Strete.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

How many gambling houses are being fitted out for the entertainment of visitors to Cowes?

* * *

What does the King think about the *Daily News?*

* * *

What is the name of the well-known bank said to be in difficulties?

* * *

Who is the London stipendiary magistrate who openly avers that he sympathises with militancy?

* * *

What did the north country Anglican bishop say when he learned that his son had just become a Roman Catholic?

* * *

If Princess Ludwig of Lowenstein-Wertheim has given an order for an aeroplane to a well-known English firm?

* * *

If Baron de Rothschild has just arranged a very extensive loan to a certain European prince?

* * *

Why Mrs. Pankhurst chose the Dares' house at Herne Bay, and if the authorities will permit her to spend the "quiet holiday" there which she anticipates?

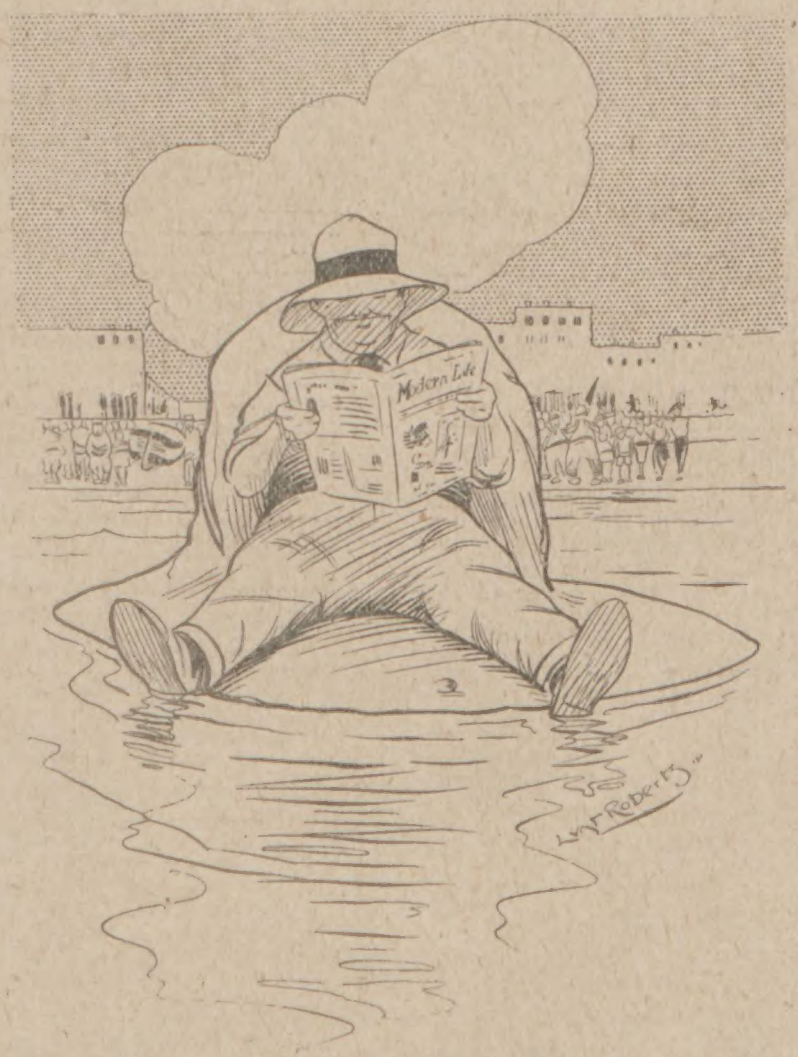
* * *

The identity of the famous *danseuse* who boasts that she possesses a boudoir gown composed entirely of seed pearls?

* * *

If Mr. Winston Churchill has now shown himself to be "well up to snuff"?

* * *



Far from the madding crowd.

What is Lord Northcliffe's reason for leading two of his *Times* staff to change their Hebrew names to "Saxon-sounding" English ones? Is he afraid that the old cry of Rothschild money behind him will be raised again, if Jewish connections are observed on his papers?

* * *

If Miss Gertrude Elliott, in consequence of a forthcoming interesting event, has decided not to accompany her husband, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, on his farewell tour in America?

* * *

Why the brother of a certain peer always affects a French cloak lined with scarlet satin for evening wear, and if he is attempting to revive the aesthetic greenery-yallery cult?

* * *

If Mrs. Patrick Campbell has already decided to return to the stage?

* * *

If perfumed ink is the latest fashion fad?

* * *

What Mr. Ramsay MacDonald means by saying that a politician follows "a dangerous trade"?

* * *

If Miss Marie Blanche is still suffering from a bruised knee?

* * *

If Sir Herbert Tree is once more bound for Marienbad in quest of some "cure" or other?

* * *

How Miss Phyllis Dare likes the variety stage?

* * *

Was not a very fashionable woman requested to leave a Society function the other day owing to her absence of clothes?

* * *

What happened to the spy discovered at a foreign embassy in London?

* * *

Which is the daily paper which has discussed a serious leakage of "scoops," and what did it do?

* * *

What site is contemplated by Fred Terry and Julia Neilson for the new London theatre which they threaten to build?

* * *

Why there's no "bobby" on duty at the danger-zone crossing in the Strand opposite Charing Cross station?

What salary Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry will receive during her five years' contract in America?

* * *

If Frank Wootton, the jockey, will ever again be seen in the saddle?

* * *

The name of the new revue which Mr. Alfred Butt will produce about the end of September, and if his attempts to persuade Georges Carpentier to appear in the cast have so far proved unsuccessful?

* * *

If bowler hats in olive green, slate grey and bronze are the very latest equipment in the armoury of the nut?

* * *

What the *Berkshire Chronicle* means by printing the following advertisement: "Bed-sitting-room to let; lodgers not objected to"?

MORE OR LESS.

Then and Now.

Years ago when a man loved a woman he told her so in impassioned terms, and the woman's language was no less glowing. I don't know that their life together worked out any the better for that, but once the wedding bells had rung and their names had appeared in the first column of the *Times* a decent obscurity veiled their future doings; for aught we know, although they were married, they lived happily ever after. Nowadays it seems we only get married because otherwise we can't be divorced. "We don't get on badly, old girl," says the modern Edwin to Angelina in the sports coat. "What do you say to a dog-licence. What?" "Right-o, old thing," says Angelina, doing something with a mashie. In a year or so she's doing something with a masher or else he's on with the girl from next door. And then they divorce and live happily ever after. At least, I suppose so.

* * *

Brown and Silver.

She sat opposite to me in the train the other day—a demure little hospital nurse in brown. Everything was sweetly sedate about her, from the waves of her neatly parted hair to her neatly laced shoes. The only thing at all frivolous about her was her long brown veil, which flapped about her in the Tube draught like a gay little invitation to talk. A brown paper parcel rested on her lap. Brown-gloved fingers fidgeted at it till presently the folds fell apart and—what do you think came to view? A surgical bandage, some absorbent wool? Nothing of the kind. Yards upon yards of silver fringe twinkled suddenly in the electric light. And as the little brown nurse, perhaps conscious of my gaze, looked up I saw that her eyes were twinkling too. In fancy the silver fringe was already upon the gown it was destined to adorn; in fancy, she was waltzing in the arms of a certain medical student to the beat of a band and her own heart. Life is like that. We want a silver fringe to lighten the general brown of respectability and domesticity and other dull things. What is a silver fringe? As if you didn't know.

* * *

Granite and Water.

Now that the air is full of war and the rumours of war and every newspaper poster thrills like a bugle, a strange longing has come upon me to be a *vivandière*, not a kind of Trilby in a battered military coat and cropped hair, not a *soubrette* affair in frills, not even the more real thing in khaki with a workmanlike bottle at my side, but a *vivandière* seductive enough to melt the stony heart of Lord Kitchener, were I ever to encounter him on the battlefield, and turn his heart from martial marches to Mendelssohn's. If I had lived in Napoleon's day I should have followed him from war to war, offering him my water-bottle among other things. But Napoleon is dust, and Waterloo now, I understand, merely a place destined ior a Brussels suburb, so I must needs worship at other shrines. And I don't think there is another soldier living quite so fascinating as Kitchener. So if ever we meet, as I said before—these granite men are very tantalizing.

* * *

The Unpardonable Sin.

It's an awful insult to women, really, when you come to think of it, when a man doesn't marry. No woman can ever forgive a man for being perfectly happy without her. That is the unpardonable sin. It seems to her perfectly inconceivable that a man can exist and have his being without being tormented by thoughts of her, the fear of losing her, even the fear of not being able to get rid of her. A woman would sooner a man thought unkindly of her than not at all. You can never get a woman to realise that a man really forgets, that the sweetheart of ten years ago is no more to him to-day than the stranger in the street. She will hug to herself the delusion that at the bottom of his heart he still cares for her and that if he never married her, it is because she didn't want him to. I suppose it is because a woman never forgets, that no matter how many lovers she has she still has a separate corner in her heart for them all where she can play with the thought of them at times as a child plays with her dolls. A woman's memory is a wonderful thing; a man's is only convenient.

* * *

Captain Cook's Widow.

Quite lately they erected a statue to Captain Cook and quite lately, too, I have discovered in an old book the story of how they brought the news of his death to his wife. "She sits in an armchair at the window where the South wind blows." "On a day like this," her tired mind is saying, "he came home once." Out in the garden the Irish servant is saying, "The Captain will soon be back now, to try our cherries." Mrs. Cook's tired hands lie in her lap; they still hold her crochet work, but they seldom move. Suddenly the maid runs to the garden gate. "So he came home three years ago," thinks Mrs. Cook, and stands up holding fast to her chair so that she may not fall. And then Lieutenant King is standing in the room before her, holding his three-cornered hat in his hand. Before he has spoken a word she knows everything. But she asks, "Where is he?"

I wonder would she have been proud if she had lived to see him live in bronze again? I never pass Nelson's statue without thinking of how, while we set him high upon a pillar, we neglected his last wish, "I leave Lady Hamilton to the nation," he said. We didn't give her bread but we gave him a fine stone. As I said before, I often wonder what Nelson thinks.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

By the "see-side" and what he saw.

"Let's 'ave some of this, 'Arry. I've offen seen it advertised."

A MATTER OF CHOICE.

Marie sat on the bed and waved an envelope at me.

"I've had two proposals!"

"In one letter?"

"No, stupid! Modern men are economical enough for almost anything nowadays, but they've hardly reached that yet."

"Then, why the letter?"

"This is Philip Smithson's. Donald Brand proposed yesterday."

"Well?"

"You are not very sympathetic?"

"It seems to me sympathy is wasted on a young woman who has two proposals in twenty-four hours! Are you going to accept either, and if so, which?"

Marie dimpled deliciously.

"I don't know; that is where the sympathy is needed! You see they have neither of them ever made love to me properly."

"It came as a shock, then?"

The dimples reappeared.

"Not exactly, but men are so odd now; they either ask you to marry them in the tone they offer bread and butter at tea-time, or just as a sort of joke when things are getting flat. I want to be made love to properly."

"Are you sure you don't mean improperly?"

Again the dimples.

"You are very horrid."

"Well, I really don't see what you want. Are they to go down on their knees?"

"Don't be absurd, dear!"

"At any rate, it shouldn't be so difficult to get any kind of love-making you want, I imagine. A little encouragement."

"But wouldn't it be wrong?"

"To do what?"

"To encourage both of them to make love to me."

"And then?"

"To marry the one who did it best!"

"And you are the person who complains of lack of earnestness in men! Well, I don't suppose either of them will break his heart!"

Marie actually scowled.

"When are they to be answered?"

"Donald is coming at four to-day, and Philip Smithson at five."

"Quick work! What time is it now?"

"Eleven."

"Goodness gracious, child, I have to be at the dressmaker's at 12. Run away, do, and—I should toss up, I think!"

"I'll never ask a friend for help again!"

I didn't get back till nearly dinner-time, and found Marie in the drawing-room, looking radiant.

"Well?" I said.

"You were quite right. It wasn't much trouble, and Donald Brand made love beautifully, just as I wanted!"

"So!"

"I am going to marry Philip."

An American advertises in the *Times* to know how he can meet English society and stage notabilities. He might try waiting outside the Divorce Court.

BY THE WAY.

Mr. H. B. Irving, as "The Silver King," should interest playgoers, albeit two-and-thirty years have sped since Wilson Barrett staged Henry Arthur Jones's fine drama at the old Princess's. Mr. Jones, by the way, tells that when he "commenced author" he had a three-volume novel rejected by a leading publisher—the reader marking it "A passable third-rate novel"—and that he utilised a lot of its material in "The Silver King." And Mr. Jones's thumbnail sketch of a tipsy passenger—so joyously played in this year's command performance of "The Silver King" by Charles Hawtrey—was suggested to him by seeing a tipsy traveller at Waterloo insist on the guard escorting him to his third-class "smoker."

* * *

Apropos Lady Tree's wit, as instanced in a previous number, a sort of companion story comes to hand. Sir Herbert is on in this scene. It was at a "swell" party that a *nouveau riche* was introduced to (then) Mrs. Tree, and sought to be complimentary. "Delighted—proud," said the corpulent Crœsus; "I shall never forget your Cleopatra." Mrs. Tree corrected him. "It is Mrs. Langtry you have in mind, sir." Unabashed, the man went on. "Certainly—of course. How stupid of me! It was in Tosca. You were superb." Mrs. Tree was becoming weary. "Again," she said, "your compliments are misplaced. It was, as you say, a superb performance, but the actress was Mrs. Bernard Beere." The man of money gazed at the retreating figure of the woman of art and turned to a fellow-guest who was within sight and hearing of the parvenu's discomfiture. "Well, she needn't have been so huffy at being mistaken for two such beautiful and accomplished ladies—what do you think?" The F.G. regarded the unfortunate man with a smile. "I am hardly in a position to express an opinion upon that point, my dear sir. I am Mr. Tree, you see."

* * *

Rumour is rife—and we hope is right—that the ever-popular "Charlie" Courtice Pounds will be seen in London in a new musical play a few weeks hence. Since the action which he won against Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Pounds' later triumphs have been gained under the banner of Mr. "Bob" Courtneidge. Ever a comedian of infinite variety and humour, there are many good stories of his resourcefulness. It was during the run of "The Snow Man" at the Lyceum that it obstinately refused to snow so as to enable Pounds to spread his cloak on the stage for the lady to walk upon, à la Sir Walter Raleigh. With much presence of mind he promptly interpolated the line, "Let us go into the inn and procure a stoup of wine." Directly he had quitted the stage of course it "snowed" as if it would never cease!

* * *

To the uninitiated it might not be at once apparent why the name of "Bobby" Peel is wholly absent from the list of giants of Yorkshire cricket mentioned by Lord Hawke in his *Daily Telegraph* articles. The reason of course is that Peel's disappearance from the Yorkshire eleven was immediately preceded by a scene between him and Lord Hawke which led to Peel's exclusion from the team. This was the more to be regretted as Peel was still at the height of his great powers when this untoward "incident" took place. We believe we are right in saying that he has a comfortable engagement with a private patron of the game, but his career in big cricket practically closed when he ceased playing with his brother "Tykes." With the exception of the "four Georges"—George Ulyett, George Lohmann, George Giffen and George Hirst—Peel was probably the greatest all-rounder in the history of cricket.

* * *

Lord Hawke fails to mention a comical episode in which, at the Oval, Tom Emmett and Jupp figured years ago. Jupp hit the ball into his pad and was chased round the

What reason hast thou maiden fair
For pausing on the brink?
Is the water chilled by the morning air—
Or will the costume shrink?

wicket by Pinder (David Hunter's predecessor as the Tykes' "stoomper"). The batsman picked the ball out, and was clearly out "handled ball," but was given "in" by the umpire. Whereupon Emmett exclaimed, "Good God! they do anything with poor old Yorkshire now."

* * *

The movement to secure performing rights to musical composers and publishers has resurrected the name of Mr. Harry Wall, a cute, somewhat unscrupulous, prematurely baldheaded man who "ideaed some" in buying up, for an old song, all interest in innumerable compositions which had been warbled at penny readings and other wild entertainments without let or hindrance. So-called agents of Wall had only to watch the local and district papers for reports of these innocuous entertainments, and down came Harry with his demand for guineas. It lasted until public opinion got tired, and put the big hat on him.

* * *

Harry Wall, by the way, had distinction in another direction. He was the husband of Miss Annie Adams, then the bright particular planet of the music-hall firmament. A lady of full habit, voluminously gowned in white, a scarlet posy reposing on her ample bosom, her unretiring style commanded the top salary of those days and a well-appointed brougham. Physique as well as fame was on the big side. She was of so much dazzle that George Augustus Sala, prince of journalists, proemed her book of songs, and did not hesitate to attach to it the familiar G.A.S. The same letters appear weekly on our front cover, but our man gets his Sala-ry for pictures.

* * *

The scene was an auction room, and the drama commenced when a man who had just left returned hastily, excitedly approached the auctioneer and hurriedly whispered something in his ear. The auctioneer looked up and in a grave voice said: "This gentleman has just missed a pocket-book containing £500 in notes which he had with him when he first entered the room. If any gentleman among you can return it to him he will offer him £50 and no questions will be asked." There was an uncomfortable silence for a few moments, which was broken by a man at the back of the hall, who sang out, "I bid £100!"

* * *

Once a year I am regularly reminded of Burns's lines about "the man of independent mind's contempt for ribbons and stars!" The reminder comes in the annual trip of our City fathers to Brussels, to show the Belgian burgomaster and his cronies how to eat turtle soup and put away the "ros-bif" of Old England. I wonder how many trips of this kind would be taken in future if the Belgian monarch stopped conferring handsome decorations upon London's Lord Mayor! Nearly all our recent mayors have been be-starred by King Leopold and King Albert, though what they ever did to deserve these fine baubles we do not know. The Brussels trip is a wonderful exhibition of decoration-hunting snobbery.

* * *

"Mrs. Florence Fanny Brodribb Irving" was not quite the way the *Daily Express* should have referred to the wife of the late Sir Henry Irving, even if she did keep in the background, and allow her distinguished husband his full meed of public applause untinged by domestic difficulties. Lady Irving must have been something of a heroine all those long years that Sir Henry was the most-pampered actor in London—and America! Her younger son's death on the "Empress of Ireland" must be a terrible blow to his mother, who deserves the tenderest consideration from all those who honoured her late husband and son.

NOT FOR USE.

He: "When are you going to allow me to teach you to swim?"
She: "On Saturday if you like."
He: "But you are going back to London on Saturday!"
She: "Yes, I know. That's why I won't mind getting my costume wet, I won't want it again!"

A man beside himself is in poor company.

* * *

Any woman can keep a secret—keep it going.

* * *

In court etiquette a prisoner comes before the judge.

* * *

The fellow who makes a fool of himself is never lonely.

* * *

Many a woman marries for money because she can't think of any other excuse.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Fine sport (see police court news): Motor cycling in Surrey.

* * *

In the controversy between the doctors and the famous bonesetter, Mr. Barker, the latter certainly appears to be top dog.

* * *

Women took part in a sham fight at Aldershot recently. It is only at bargain sales and political demonstrations that they come to real business.

* * *

The Rev. J. S. Leake has offered his services as water-diviner to an urban district council. The worthy divine seems admirably qualified for the work.

* * *

American girls "collect spoons," says a writer. No, they don't. They do their spooning with one spoon at a time, and then get rid of him like sensible angels.

* * *

A nigger minstrel writes to protest against the word "silvery" being used in connection with sands. He says he has never found them anything else but coppery.

* * *

We read that in the coming winter the fashionable dance is to be the "Boston Pause." It is expected to put the celebrated and imposing Boston feet quite in the shade.

* * *

Electric bungalows are the latest innovation on the Bournemouth beach. For our part we have occasionally had some pretty bad shocks when passing the ordinary bathing tent.

* * *

G. Bernard Shaw: "Unless they take care, the middle-classes will be squeezed out of existence." We have noticed several members, sitting in couples, doing it in kinema theatres.

* * *

An advertisement of a dinner announces that women will be admitted afterwards to hear the speeches. It looks as though there is some ground for all this talk about cruelty to women.

* * *

The Albanians complain that the Mpret has not kept to the strict letter of the agreement under which he received his title. The latter certainly looks as though a letter was missing somewhere.

* * *

Mr. Plowden says that he can't understand people calling him a humorist, because he frequently sits in Court racked with pain. But that's just it. With the imitation-humorists, like Mr. Justice Darling, it's the people in Court who are racked with pain.

* * *

A writer in a daily is in a terrible state because the Queen's printers have printed the title of a new Territorials' book as "Canvas and *Camaraderie*." But it seems to us that the printers, even if they haven't got the letter, have got the spirit of the thing with photographic precision.

Suggested silly season topic: Should bathing machines be numbered?

* * *

A suburban toper was disgusted to find that the suspension of the 11 o'clock rule does not affect "The Pig and Whistle."

* * *

It is said that divorces in America are caused by the dear living. Frequently by the dear living with someone else, too.

* * *

In a breach of promise case, stitches made in a camisole by a young man were shown in evidence against him. His fate literally hung by a thread.

* * *

The London firemen, who are said to be burning with indignation, have thrown cold water on all attempts at mediation in their dispute with the L.C.C.

* * *

A wild-looking creature, apparently a human female, has been caught in the Indian jungle. The only word she is capable of understanding is said to be "votes."

* * *

Sandals worn with toed stockings are the latest freak fashion in Paris, writes a newspaper expert. What are toed stockings, anyway? The sort used when the frogs march?

* * *

All this talk about the excessive hirsute adornment of the Eton schoolboy is nothing new. The boys of the town have long been accusing him of giving himself too many 'airs.

* * *

G. K. Chesterton: "Most men avoid churches. Most men do not avoid girls." But it is a question with some of them how not to avoid girls and yet avoid churches as the result.

* * *

Lieutenant Porte has found the waterplane, in which he had hoped to cross the Atlantic, incapable of rising from the water. But surely he won't let a little thing like that discourage him.

* * *

Describing Miss Gabrielle Ray's divorce gown, the *Express* said she wore "a bunch of pink hydrangeas at her waist," whilst the *Daily News* said she had "a pink rose at the waist." Anyhow she was in the pink.

* * *

Star "Words Winged":—

"Charity covers a multitude of sins."—Lord Durham.

Those words should have been winged ages ago. We seem to have heard the expression before.

* * *

The *Manchester Guardian* waxes poetic concerning the "quick-silvery photographers" who awaited the arrival of the eight at Buckingham Palace. Quick perhaps, but silvery—well it always struck us that brass was the predominant metal in the composition of the Press photographer.

Costor: "Look 'ere you, young 'uns. If you want them winkles, buy 'em—If yer don't for 'eaven's sake stop a'maulin' of 'em abaht."

IN STAGELAND.

The prosperous firm of "Potash and Perlmutter" are very busy at the moment arranging tours for themselves in their infinite humorous wisdom. A short while since Mr. George Grossmith (who, it will be remembered, is producer of this vigorous Queen's Theatre success in collaboration with Edward Laurillard) told me he anticipated that no fewer than five companies would be sent on tour if the show was a success. Anyway much headway has already been made and rehearsals are under way. I hope this doesn't mean that we shall be subjected to another deluge of badly-written "press copy."

* * *

I heard a little tale that was rather fresh in a curious sort of way about the procedure of procuring the principals for the casts of the above-mentioned companies. A delightful but somewhat precious youth, whose name you would instantly recognise as one of the more famous of our very young boy actors a few years back, was up for one of the junior leads and was asked the amount of salary required. "I have had £30 and I have had £40," he began. "That's all right, you'll get *three* here." The result is not recorded.

* * *

I suppose you have realised that it is now the intention of the Empire management to confine themselves exclusively to high-class variety programmes. I think they now stand a wonderfully good chance of finding out for good and all exactly what it is that this famous house is pining for. Since the revue "Everybody's Doing It," which was almost as striking a success as "The Passing Show," failure after failure has cost the producers many thousands and tarnished not a few reputations. Curiously enough, however, "The Merry Go-Round" was playing to full houses when it came off last week.

* * *

Carpentier and his four sparring partners will give the new procedure a strong healthy start if the Empire people are not as unfortunate as Mr. Gulliver. of the Palladium and circuit, who was victimised by this fussed youth in a very off-hand way with regard to his contracted appearance after the defeat of Bombardier Wells. You may remember he never showed up at all.

* * *

It has been pointed out to me that, in speaking of "The Sin of David" and "The Van Dyck" at the Savoy. I gave the impression that "The Van Dyck" was curtain-raising. This is not so. It appears that "The Van Dyck" is staged last for reasons of contrast. I should go away after "The Sin," however, as the other affair is merely a futile anti-climax.

Charles Hawtrey's "Compleat Angler" by Arthur Scott Craven and J. D. Beresford at the Coliseum is a pretty little jewel of playwriting that reflects satisfactory credit on everybody concerned. The manner in which the metaphors of fishing and love get mixed with astonishingly accurate applicability to the situation current at the moment is delicately clever. Played by Mr. Hawtrey as the wary, desirable trout, and Miss Doris Lytton as the fisher, it attains a standard of entertainment well up to the level required, and deserved, by Mr. Stoll for the Coliseum. By the way, I think those smilax-entwined blocks of ice in the corridors are the cutest idea struck by any management recently. Mr. Croxton is proud of the palatial house in his care and employs successful little wiles to help us appreciate it.

* * *

I am glad Whelan came out of the Hissey divorce case so well. I was satisfied that he was a victim from the first and said so immediately, but my careful editor blue-pencilled me for discussing a matter *sub judice*. Congratulations to Whelan anyhow, who is a good, clean artist of whom we are proud. Hissey's observation that he disapproved of his wife knowing "persons of this kind" must have referred to the supposition that Whelan may not have been worth £30,000 at any period of his career. From any and every other standpoint I should classify the remark as a snobbish indiscretion.

W. R. C. R.

According to fruit experts, cherries are getting larger every year, and some have attained the size of small apples this year. If things go on at this rate poor Carmen, a few years hence, will have to be a bit of a weight-lifter as well as a heart-breaker.

A SWIMMER IN SCARLET.

Tompkins's prominent pale blue eyes were glued on the bathing machine—"glued" is the only word that expresses it—so fearful was he that he might miss her exit. Quite ten minutes ago that dainty *svelte* figure had tripped up the steps, and surely that backward look over her shoulder was alluring, surely he caught the lightning glance of an eye that was rather glad. Sunshine on dancing waves! All seemed in tune with holiday-making to day—all but Tompkins's flat baritone lightly humming a rag-time in sheer holiday mood; forgotten, the high hard stool where he "totted up," eternal figures for fifty annual weeks—forgotten, "Acacia Villa," and—ah! forgotten, the chatelaine of "Acacia Villa"!

Miranda—"she" who must be obeyed, whose word was law in her humble domain—Miranda, who spoke of herself as having a presence and as being inclined to "embongpong," but whom her husband, in hilarious and mutinous private moments, termed "fat." The marvel was that Miranda had allowed, nay, even suggested, his coming alone to Clacton-on-Sea for a Bank-holiday trip—to engage lodgings there for their yearly fortnightly holiday next month. And little Tompkins had humbly and gratefully snatched at his day's freedom. As a result, here he was—and there, in that sweet bathing box on wheels was the sweetest and daintiest of little ladies who had given *him*—Tompkins, husband of Miranda—given him a glad eye *en passant*.

No wonder Tompkins's eyes were fixed, glued. No wonder he pulled up modest knitted socks and felt that they were "Rainbows," and he—a nut!

A bare pink foot, a hint of shapely leg, there upon the steps—she stood! Talk of *svelte*! it was more than *svelte*, it was round and deliciously curving! It was ripping! It was divine, that figure in its scarlet silken bathing dress! Tompkins was not imaginative, and this was as well, for nothing was left to the imagination here—the silken costume loved to cling to that dimpled body. Half turning, she gave one roguish smile, and then a scarlet gleam through the sunshine, a splash of foam, and the greedy waves received the sweet burden into their bosom. Like a red gold-fish away she darted, and Tompkins watched the passage of the shining head enviously. What an idiot he'd been to bathe so early! Why hadn't he waited until now, for swim he could, above a bit, and she might have admired him more in consequence! And what the dickens did those other Johnnies mean by staring at her? Cad! of all the cursed impudence! Men on the beach were daring, actually daring, to take her photo. Tompkins glared haughtily at these camera fiends, whose glance was desecration; he felt like a Sir Galahad, ready to do doughty deeds for his fair lady. Ah! would these were the days of chivalry, when knights had opportunities to prove their devotion! And then, suddenly—his chance came, and strangely enough, through one of the hated photographers!

"I say, Joe," he called to his fellow-fiend, "the red girl's in difficulties; see, she can't swim a stroke—she's struggling!"

The brute's voice, instead of expressing horror, held the hint of laughter! Sir Galahad never hesitated, never paused to think of his best grey striped flannels, but tearing off shoes only, like a hero straight in he waded, and away he swam to the gleaming red figure. A faint cry of "Help!" spurred him on to superhuman efforts. Nearer and nearer he drew, till, lifted on one giant wave, he reached the mermaiden at last. And now the dimpled arms were round his neck—the shining head upon his shoulder—golden strands of hair struck across his face like wet seaweed-ribbons. What recked Tompkins? Lord! he could have swum the Channel with such a burden, swimming to Eternity! But alas! the bathing machine came all too soon, and as this Leander placed the dripping girl upon its steps, she opened two of the gladdest blue eyes, soft arms tightened, softer red lips were lifted to his own for one brief mad moment, and then, tripping up the steps, the door closed upon this Midsummer madness of a dream! And Tompkins turned to see the photographic fiends a-grin! In vain he waited for the bathing machine to be drawn out and disgorge its priceless occupant, waited until, with a start, he realised the trip train must be leaving immediately, and then with a greater start of realisation—Miranda, who would be waiting up at "Acacia Villa" to-night. Disconsolately he sprinted down the Esplanade, heedless of dripping clothes.

* * * *

"I cannot think, Percy, how you found Clacton dull on your trip last month; I find it most lovely," Miranda pushed her toque back from a heated brow and perspired freely—"possibly," shaking an arch, fat finger at her melancholy spouse—"you were lonely, you missed my presence."

"Yes," said Tompkins absently, "you've hit it, Mirry; I always notice when you're not there. But let's sit down, you look about stewed."

"And that, Tompkins, is better than being half-baked."

The rejoinder was tart, it had a nasty, personal flavour, but her husband hardly heard; his furtive eyes were seeking the passing promenaders—seeking for the glimpse of a shining head that never came.

"We'll go into the 'Kinema House there, and see if that cheers you up, Percy, for really I'd as soon go out with a deaf mute to a funeral."

There in the darkened building they sat, Tompkins still day-dreaming as the dazzling views flashed upon the sheet. Why was the doorkeeper's face familiar? Why did it haunt him so? Why, of course, he was one of those low-down cads, those photographers, who had taken sacrilegious looks at his sweet pink lady! Low brutes! What were the words now cast upon the sheet? Miranda, fixing her spectacles firmly, read them aloud for the benefit of all illiterate neighbours:—"Views at Clacton: Heroic Rescue on Bank-Holiday, Gallant Preserver's Reward!"—and then upon the sheet at last he saw Her again—Her picture! Saw her standing in graceful poise upon the bathing steps—in the all-revealing bathing dress, saw the flash into the water, the bobbing head—the darting figure among the waves—saw as in a dream; heard

Miranda's clear comment: "Shameless hussy!" and hearing did not understand—until he saw *himself*, himself swimming out to sea. Pray heaven the next picture might not show his face! But the merciless views ticked on, and in a cold perspiration he watched, watched himself returning with his fair burden, watched, gripping the arms of the chair with tense muscles, until the bathing machine was reached, and the mermaid held up her lips to his!

"And—so you found Clacton dull, sir?" Miranda's voice was low, distinct, it thrilled the darkness. "I've had enough—just about enough of this. Come out, Tompkins!"

"I've had enough, too," murmured Tompkins wearily as he followed in her wake; "plenty, more than enough; only I've got to have some more now."

And then—as a last straw—he saw her—saw her in the flesh—standing with programmes to sell in one hand, the other laid familiarly on the shoulder of the accurst photo-taker; saw the glad eyes of recognition they both turned on him—why, they were in league! Saw Miranda's imperious presence waiting in the doorway—saw it all—and went out.

Hetty Weston.

THE EPHEMERAL "NUT."

BUTTERFLY AND LADYBIRD.

The limelight which has recently been thrown upon the "nut" through the statement of a writer that he is the victim of "fish-blooded vampires of the stage"—otherwise chorus girls—suggests that a little enquiry into the nature and habits of this curious specimen of humanity may not prove uninteresting. Of course, the genus is not new to the world, but has previously been known under many names from "a blood" to "a dude." The nut is essentially ephemeral, as the fugitive nature of his nomenclature through past generations must alone amply prove. He is, indeed, like a golden butterfly, flitting from flower to flower during his little hour of irresponsible existence. He sips many sweets and some poisons; but poison or no poison, his hours of pleasure are very brief, for there is always a sheeny, speckled little ladybird sitting on his back steadily eating away the golden wings which have borne him on his airy flight in the sparkling sunshine of pleasure.

A PEN PICTURE.

To parody a famous couplet, if you would view the nut aright, go meet him in the stage-door-light, for there you will find him arrayed in all his glory. At 11.20 p.m. see him step daintily from his car, and lounge with nonchalant air across the pavement to the Mecca of his ambitions. He is not dashing like the Georgian "blood," not outré like the Victorian "dude." To do him justice the nut is seldom conspicuously vulgar in appearance, though too frequently his effeminate manner and drawling diction are irritating, and even nauseating, to healthy-minded people. His face is usually as remarkably devoid of expression as it is of chin; and even the few who do possess features of some character would seem to have pursued the cult of vacuousness with no little success. The nut is generally slim, and in a well-cut dress suit his figure is quite irreproachable, though the effect of his white waistcoat of watered silk is wont to be spoilt by bizarre buttons. He is not content with the comfortable and convenient opera hat, as worn generally by his fellow-playgoers. Not he! His must be the shiniest of shiny silk toppers, and he would rather go through the agony of seeing it kicked by irreverent persons on their passage through the stalls, than dispense with, literally, this crowning glory. But the hall-mark of the nut is most certainly set upon him by the gorgeous gold-headed Malacca cane, without which his claim to belong to the Kingdom of Nutland would be as foolish as futile, for this wand of office, carried daintily between white-gloved finger and thumb, must prove to all men that the holder is of the elect.

AT THE STAGE DOOR.

She comes! A dainty vision of beauty and sweet girlishness appears through the swing door, her dimpled face slightly flushed with the hurry of dressing "after the show," but none the less delectable for that. Even the nut, her squire for the evening—what's left of it—schooled as he is to imperturbability, shows some sign of animation. He plants his cane firmly on the ground, and thrusting forward a foot with wonderful decision, utters in bored tones the immortal greeting of the nut: "O, you kid!—what?" The little lady smiles and says: "How do, Bobby, what's the programme?" Bobby thinks furiously and eventually replies with his high-pitched drawl, "Well, Kid, er—my dear old pal, you know, the Honourable Carlton Lounge—what?—wants to have a squint at you, so I told him he might have a chance at the Ritz—what?"

The fairy nods bright approval, and they hop into the waiting car.

AT SUPPER.

Melody and mirth, with good food and good wine, provide a pleasant supper for the gods, and incidentally for the nuts—so thinks Bobby. He expands remarkably under the combined influences, and positively makes quite a brilliant remark about having "Veuve to Cliquot" without the usual ultimate "what?"

The fairy meanwhile basks in her luxurious surroundings and with the added pleasure of longing glances from the Honourable Carlton Lounge, in whom she spies another string to her bow, hugely enjoys herself, and says so. Before half-past twelve Bobby has promised her a pearl necklace and a visit to the races, and after having driven the fairy to her home, he spends the night in playing cards at the Club, and losing a lot of money to the Honourable Carlton Lounge.

THE PASSING OF THE NUT.

The foregoing may probably be taken as a fair description of a nut's night; and the question is, how long does the life last? Now, of course, the majority of the nut fraternity are well connected, either socially or financially—or both. In very few cases does a nut earn money. So it stands to reason that usually he has to depend entirely on his parents or other near relations for his allowance. Moreover, an allowance, however large, seldom proves sufficient for such young spendthrifts, and the natural result is that after having debts a number of times, parents and guardians [illegible] a way of kicking against such useless expense, and if the bankrupt youth does not reform he is ultimately packed out of the country. It is all very well to call the girls on whom the nuts bestow their money, either in cash or kind, "vampires," but most level-headed people must realise that the folly and culpability rest to a far greater extent on the young men's [illegible]

Whether the girls do or do not give a *quid pro quo* for favours seems beside the point. I believe in the majority of cases they do not, except so far as bestowing their society in public is concerned, and only the sternest moralist could blame a girl hungering for the good things of life, for opening her mouth to take in the sweet fruits pressed to her lips, did they but realise the drabness of her home, and the scanty fare with which she is able to provide herself at her own expense. So even the ephemeral nut seems to have a logical place in the scheme of things, just like other drones in the realm of Nature. But as all drones are devoured by their kind, so the nut—the golden butterfly of a day—has his wings destroyed by the sheeny, speckled little ladybird.

One of the Girls.

WILL SURREY BE CHAMPIONS?

Elbowed out into the cold by fiercer delights this summer cricket has taken something of a back seat, but it seems to have made up its mind to create something of a furore before the season ends. A few weeks ago it looked as if Middlesex were easy champions, and then Surrey come with a wet sail and Middlesex are deposed from the leadership.

At the end of last week the position was exceedingly close between Surrey, Middlesex and Kent, and it may well be a grand finish to the season, that is if we do not find ourselves at war in the general conflagration which at the moment seems so possible in Europe. In that case even if the cricket season were not abruptly brought to an end there would not be much interest in it.

Time was when such bills as "Collapse of Surrey," "Kent's Downfall," "Yorkshire in Danger," "England's Peril," would be commonly seen on the evening paper carts, and in the hands of street-sellers in the very City of London, at a time when affairs of State of vast moment, or commercial or financial disasters might have been expected to hold prior rank, but King Cricket held sway then, and every self-respecting evening sheet had to have its sensational cricket bill.

Well, cricket has not gone back much in popular regard, but it is reported more soberly. The young men who gave cricket its boom in the early days of the half-penny Press are still doing much of the work, and they are doing it better and more correctly if with less enthusiasm and sensation-seeking. I always think that Freddy Wilson's wonderful articles in the earlier days of the *Mirror*, with his wealth of language, and his extraordinary power of expression and description had a lot to do with stopping the scare headings in some of the other papers. One never knew what he would say next: it was impossible to keep pace with him, and his rivals settled down to more sober and common-place description.

Freddy coined the words: "cow shot" to describe the hook to square leg from the off; "the googlie" to describe that dishonest ball which ought to break from leg but either breaks the other way or comes straight on; "a moon" for a duck's egg; "a subterranean" for the shooter; "a fizzer" for the one which you never had a chance of seeing after it pitched, and many other expressions which are part of to-day's cricket jargon. One or two tried to copy him, but the result was awful.

Surrey have not won the championship for fifteen years. Time was when, with Notts and Yorkshire, Surrey were amongst the leading disputants for the title, but since 1899 not all the famous cricketers who have played for the side have been able to raise the team into a championship eleven. Good men have been lost to the county by foolishness, but that would not have stopped them had there been a real masterful leader in the camp. K. J. Key was the last of the great Surrey captains, and even he was not a Jack Shuter.

It is true that since Tom Richardson, Lockwood and Lohmann fell out of the ranks Surrey have not had a great England bowler in the team. Knox was good and fast, so, too, are Hitch and Kirk, but they all lack just that little bit of class which made the other men world's cricketers. And cavil at it how you will, Hobbs is now the one great bat, for Hayward has fully reached the veteran stage.

Just think of the men K. J. K. had to depend upon with the bat: Abel, Hayward, Brockwell, Walter Read, Maurice Read, Lohmann, Holland—all of them fit to play in any England side. The Reads and Lohmann had dropped out of the game in 1899, Surrey's last year of championship honours, but they had played their part in other seasons when Surrey was a power in the land. And what bowlers with Tom Richardson, Lohmann and Lockwood in the side.

Now Surrey look like having a really good chance of coming to the top again, and few would begrudge the county the honour. The men who have done the trick so far for them have done it by pulling together. They are a team this year, and you don't often hear of the proverbial "Surrey rot" setting in when they are batting. We are all pleased to see Andy Ducat back in athletics and doing well after his long and painful experience with a football broken leg which healed badly. And how must old man Abel, the popular Guv'nor of the old-time team, chuckle over the doings of that useful son of his who, like the old man, "can bowl and bat a bit."

I must not give myself away too much, but I can remember Bobby Abel as a first-change bowler, and after that Tom Hayward, very often the first man to take the ball for his side. Charley Hands once wrote some amusing stuff about Hayward bowling at the Oval on a wet day. He said he hid behind the saw-dust, and when the batsman was not looking swerved round from behind the umpire and delivered the ball, or words to that effect, all of which meant that Hayward had a swerving run.

There is a controversy going on in cricket circles anent the bowling of A. Jaques, the Hampshire amateur. As is generally known, Jaques exploits the leg theory with a certain amount of success. He has been praised on all sides, but a discordant note is struck by P. F. Warner, who criticises it as "extremely dull." In Hampshire this has caused resentment, and far from thinking it dull it is regarded as a welcome change from the methods of the average first-class bowler. I have seen Jaques bowl on several occasions and agree entirely that it is a pleasant change. After all, why should not a bowler exploit the leg theory just as much as the off theory is practised?

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

Bill (to friend off on a holiday): "My, yer 'aint 'arf a toff neither. How long are yer going for, Alf?"
Alf: "Oh, just a couple o' quid."

THE BORE AT GOLF.

We all know him; in every club he is to be found; in mind as I write. There is the score card bore, the bogey bore, the two-swing-to-every-shot bore, the taciturn bore, the two swing to every shot bore, the taciturn bore, the talkative bore, the serious bore, the frivolous bore, the freak club fanatic, and so on and so forth.

Worst of all is the score card fiend. He carries score cards in every pocket. He will tell you his eclectic in the last four rounds in a flash, he knows to a stroke what he has done in his last half-dozen rounds or so, and if he can get you away by himself he will tell you all about it.

Personally I dislike the bore who talks about my play more than I dislike the one who persists in talking about his own. You can always be rude to the latter, but to the well-meant advice of the bore who delights in telling you how you can improve your play by taking his advice you can only express your thanks, and look for an opening for a retreat before he enters upon the sixth recapitulation of his views on your play.

Then there is the man with freak clubs. Some of them are charming fellows in everything else but their golf, but when they are playing they cannot leave off explaining how No. 3 is the mashie and No. 4 the putter, and No. 1 the driver, and how they are made in that way of some weird metal or wood or anything else. The first time it may be interesting, but you have to go through it every time you play him, and after a while you are always waiting for a friend when he turns up in the club-house and finds you waiting for a match.

But of all bores the score card bore is the one to be slain on sight. I know one sad instance of an estimable old gentleman who plays in four-ball matches whenever he can, and at nearly every hole you will find him still putting while the other three are walking to the next tee. Then having holed out a hole, at which he was probably the worst of the four players, he stands on the green and finds the right card, fumbles for a pencil and puts the score down before he will budge. You may shout "fore," he has a duty to himself to perform and he does it.

In an office not a hundred yards from where I am writing I know a sub-editor who, in between his busy moments with the blue pencil, will pull out half a dozen or a dozen cards from his pocket and study them far harder than he ever studies the work he is doing. He can tell you what every man he has played for a month took at any particular hole for a month. Cards are his glory and his humiliation.

Such a man loses all the real charm of golf. To him the game is but a figure system. It matters not that he has topped one shot and foozled another and sliced a third in a hole, the bogey of which is five. If he is down in six he is one over bogey, how he did it is forgotten directly the hole is played.

Golf is a delightful friend but a terrible master, and the man who gets the card obsession is rarely cured. He may win or lose his match by anything. He never tells you that. He is in a seventh heaven of delight when he has got round in 84, even if he has lost his match, but a victory with a card of 97, well, the game was not worth playing. Heaven preserve us from all such!

NIBLICK.

A golfer whose eyes were oblique,
Tried to make a swift drive with a clique.
If the ball he should hit
Where he's looking at it,
Why, it wouldn't get there in a wique.

* * *

Owing to the pollution of the river, the fish caught in the Tyne have a tarry flavour. When we go angling, nothing on earth will make the fish tarry.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

T. D. R. (Manchester) and others.—Story no use to us.
stamped envelope if you want it returned.

C. S. (Golder's Green).—Idea is promising, but we never order sketches from an unknown artist. Submit finished drawing.

P. W. D. (Kensington).—No, we will not take up the subject of titles and decorations for women. There are lots of men in this world who deserve medals and never get 'em.

R. W. (Bedford).—We don't give legal advice. Consult a lawyer.

J. T. (Leeds).—One or other of the underwriters at Lloyds will cover your risk, which is quite in the ordinary way of business. The underwriters should be approached through a broker.

OUTER MAN.

E. R. (Doncaster).—If you buy brown shoes at all choose them of the darkest possible shade.

J. T. C. (Bournemouth).—When in evening dress it is usual to carry a gold-capped, straight walking stick.

F. T. (Putney).—A made up bow is considered bad form with evening—or any other—dress. Any outfitter's assistant will show you how to make the genuine article.

MOTORING.

Francis (Bath).—If you fit a new carburetter to the 1909 twin Enfield you will probably find that its running is improved fifty per cent.

F. G. K. (Hampstead).—Yes, You are legally compelled to carry an efficient front brake.

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IT is said that "hunger is the best Sauce." This may be right in a way but the Epicure whose palate at times requires stimulating is often of a different opinion. He looks round for some condiment that not only contains the necessary ingredients to promote a good and healthy appetite, but also possesses the power to effectually aid the digestive organs. The proprietors of the P.P.S. in placing their Specialty before the public can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it as the best Sauce upon the market. It has won its way to the front rank entirely by its unrivalled merits, and not by extensive advertising. Its exquisite flavour and its approved ability to aid digestion so appeal to those once using it that its sales are continuously increasing. A perusal of the numerous unsolicited testimonials will confirm the above statement.

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FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

The declaration of war between Austria and Servia has terminated a week of apprehension, which finally developed into a panic throughout Europe. The Stock Exchange has now nothing to do but wait for the next development. After two or three years of ruinous stagnation, this fresh disaster has come as a crushing blow, and members must now relinquish all hope of business for an indefinite period. Obviously, the cautious investor will prefer to wait in the hope of buying at still lower prices; while none but the most daring professional operators would risk entering upon any speculative commitments during this dangerous, panicky period.

* * *

The war panic resulting from the Austro-Servian crisis produced its full effects in London, markets being completely demoralised. Prices "slumped" with terrific suddenness. Everything suffered—Consols, Foreign Government Bonds, American and Foreign Railway Stocks, Home Railways and Industrials. Not since the Balkan War broke out, nearly two years ago, has there been such a panic on the Bourses of the Continent—Paris, Berlin and Vienna—the falls in stocks having been of a sensational character at the three centres.

* * *

Foreseeing the storm, the authorities of several Continental Bourses ordered closure on the Saturday, and on the London Stock Exchange it was thought that the Committee would have been well advised in closing the "House," but the settlement being in progress this was not practicable.

* * *

In the great army of MODERN LIFE readers there must be a large number specially interested in the Birkbeck Bank. We are happy to be able to announce that the Official Receiver hopes it may be possible to declare the final dividend to the Birkbeck depositors and shareholders in the latter part of the present year. The distribution up to the present has aggregated 16s. in the £. What the final distribution will be is not known, but we doubt whether it will exceed another 1s. in the £.

* * *

We notice that a Yankee philanthropist, Mr. William Randall Parker, "Governing Director" of The Income and Investment Corporation, is offering investors 200 per cent. on any money they deposit with the corporation. Well, we need not remind our readers that the most gifted financiers can seldom make 200 per cent. on their investments—honestly. If this philanthropist could make 200 per cent. on money would be so stupid as to pass the profits on to total strangers? Let our shrewd readers discover the answer to this query.

* * *

The chilly reception extended by the responsible Press, financial and general, to the General Omnibus Supply Company, Ltd., fully confirms and justifies our warning of last week. Sponsors, financial policy and general prospects—these are all of a character that imposes the greatest caution. Investors will have no trouble in discovering a better financial bargain than that offered by the promoters of this curious concern which has, we believe, been before the public twice under other forms.

* * *

We are glad to see that the Public Trustee is to have the assistance of a strong committee of financial experts in the selection and management of the investments made by his department, which now represent such a colossal sum that no single expert could adequately deal with them. In the City it is considered that the financiers appointed are certain to inspire the necessary confidence, all of them holding high positions in the world of finance.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

At present quotations the following securities yield 4 per cent. or over:—

		Price.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Canada Loan	1960	96	4 1 9
Western Australian Loan	1942-62	99	4 2 3
South Australian Loan	1940-60	99	4 2 6
Sydney (City of) Loan	1942-62	100	4 3 0

* * *

How many traders realise that it is now possible to assure against bad debts? Very few firms escape this "fly in the ointment" of business, which, when it materialises, often spoils the look of any profit that may have been made. Of course, most firms make a certain allowance for bad debts, but it sometimes happens that a serious disaster, not covered by this routine provision, dislocates the financial prospects of the year. This—just this—unforeseen loss that can be covered by assurance at very reasonable rates.

* * *

In former times the weak point about Bad Debt Assurance was that it might prove a temptation to reckless trading. But the modern method of writing the policy obviates this drawback. The firm anxious to assure against bad debts has to show the assurance company its normal loss by bad debts over, say, the previous five years. Now, suppose that average has been £300—well, the company, under proper safeguards, will cover any excess *beyond* that sum. Obviously this system encourages careful trading; at the same time it enables the firm to protect itself wihout paying exorbitant premiums. Business men would be well advised to investigate this system of assurance against bad debts, for they can derive therefrom considerable benefits.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.]

"Kaffir" (Lynn).—You should not "cut your loss" on the South African mining shares you mention. They are sound securities, and, when general financial conditions brighten, should considerably improve in market value.

"Payk" (Dublin).—Anglo-Malay rubber is a reputable well-managed company with excellent prospects. Should rubber revive they would be among the first shares to rise—hold.

K. W. (Cork).—We do not recommend E.C. Tea Rooms, Ltd. Small company, few shops, exposed to keen competition by Lyons, A.B.C. Co., and Slater's. You can invest your savings to much better advantage.

G.K. (Hull).—The Canadian assurance companies give the best terms for annuities and are quite as safe as the leading British offices. Give us your exact age and we will quote the amount of annuity for each £1,000 deposited.

"Knut" (Wisbech).—Yes, several coconut companies have already paid good dividends. Well-selected shares should yield handsome dividends when the plantations are in full production. But great discrimination is needed in buying, there being so many dubious propositions on the market.

"Madam" (Ipswich).—No, they are outside brokers of dubious repute. We recommend the savings bank for your spare funds in preference to any speculative or gambling venture.

"Thrift" (York).—A limited payment policy would best suit your circumstances and prospects. When your earning capacity begins to diminish your premium-paying will cease and you will have a substantial policy without any further outlay.

"What! Marry my daughter!" snorted old Getrox, "why you must be destitute of all reason—"

"Yes," interrupted young Poorley with refreshing candour, "I admit I am destitute, but that very fact is my reason."

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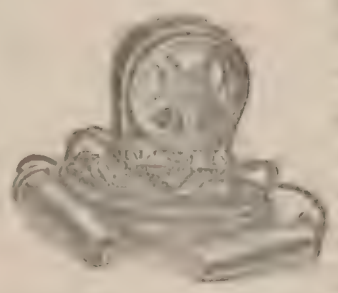

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RACING.

By "OBSERVER."

Followers of the selections in this column have been given many good winners during the present season, and last week readers had every reason to feel satisfied, as MODERN LIFE stated that Lord Annandale, who dead-heated for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, was the best thing of the week. In addition, it was stated in last week's issue that Mr. J. B. Joel's selected would figure prominently, and the best backed of the Wantage candidates, Golden Sun, shared the verdict with Lord Annandale.

After watching the race for the Stewards' Cup very carefully, I am certain that Voldy, the bottom weight in that contest, will win very shortly. Voldy showed great speed for five furlongs, at which distance he would have won, and this son of Volodyovski will pay to follow.

It was with great regret that all racing men read of the death of Major Eustace Loder. "Lucky Loder," as he was termed by his intimate friends, had a very successful career on the turf, and he will be chiefly remembered as the owner of those two classic winners, Pretty Polly and Spearmint. Pretty Polly was one of the most popular mares that ever carried a jockey, and Spearmint, it will be recalled, provided an excellent example of the good fortune that marked the racing career of the Major.

Spearmint won the Derby of 1906, and afterwards set the seal on his fame by securing the Grand Prix. In the Epsom classic Major Loder did not intend having Spearmint trained for the race, as the stable was thought to possess a certainty in Sir Daniel Cooper's filly, Flair, who had won the One Thousand Guineas in very easy fashion. Flair, however, broke down, and Spearmint filled the berth with success, for, ridden by Maher, he won easily.

By his display in the Liverpool Cup it is obvious that Junior has had quite sufficient racing for the time being. Mr. Martin's good handicapper has run extremely well throughout the campaign, although he has only won once—in the Manchester Cup. The fact that he has always had to carry a heavy impost has told on him, for he has had more than one gruelling contest against lightly-weighted horses.

A great deal of scandalous talk about doping has been prevalent during the past few weeks, and it is pleasing to note that the Stewards are now wide awake to the situation. Until just lately we had not heard much of the practice of administering drugs, etc., conducive to help increase the pace of horses, since the time of the American invasion. Although it may now possibly be worked by some unscrupulous people, it is another matter placing the guilt on the right persons, as chemical science has reduced the "dope" to a "fine art."

August Bank Holiday racing is always very popular with the masses, and there are three meetings down for decision on Monday. The full week's card is as follows:—Sandown Park, Monday; Ripon, and Birmingham, Monday and Tuesday; Brighton, Tuesday to Thursday; and Lewes, Friday and Saturday.

At Sandown Park Agnate may score in the North Surrey Handicap, Irish Castle in the Lubbeck Handicap, and Costello in the Holiday Two-Year-Old Stakes.

The Holiday Three-Year-Old Handicap on the opening day at Birmingham may be won by Wireless, the Ruckley Plate by Le Farfadet, and the Aston Selling Handicap by Kenwave. On Tuesday Wave Star should secure the Birmingham Handicap, and Sir Josh the August Plate.

On Monday, at Ripon, the St. Wilfrid Cup may fall to Pochard, the Bondgate Handicap to Killadoon, and the Wakeman Selling Welter to Cold Comfort. Likely winners on the second day are Harebell in the Grand Stand Three-Year-Old Handicap, and Marco Bozzaris in the City Welter.

On the first day at Brighton, Royal Weaver should score in the Brighton Stakes, and Westphalia in the Marine Plate. On Wednesday the Berwick Welter Handicap may be won by Mariano, and the Sussex Plate by Radiant. The Brookside Plate on the concluding day should fall to Santa Rosa, and the High-Weight Handicap to Nassau.

The De Warrenne Handicap at Lewes on Friday may be won by September Morn, and the Stanmore Handicap by Conquering Hero. St. Alphonso should score in the Hamsey Welter on Saturday, and Winthorpe in the Lewes Handicap.

WITH MOTOR CYCLE AND CAR.

The ranks of the motorcyclettes continue to increase at a well-nigh alarming pace until to-day almost every motor shop in the country appears to be designing its own particular model. Some of them sound very excellent on paper, but after a week or two's advertising prominence the great majority seem to retire into amazingly complete seclusion. At present there are something like fifty different ultra-lightweights being manufactured at about £25 each, but the number of varieties that the ordinary person ever sees on the road could be limited to about six. What happens to the rest is a mystery, but no doubt they achieve the fate that they deserve.

It is only within the last nine months that the trade has realised the demand that existed for a cheap but reliable edition of the motorcycles and cars that are on the road. Hence it is that motorcyclettes and cyclecars are being hailed as "novelties" whereas, as a matter of fact, each played a part in the init ation of the industry. But there is, happily, a tremendous contrast between the lightweight motorcycles and the small cars of to-day and their forerunners of a decade ago. Many of the newest machines are really excellent but they are apt to be the innocent sufferers from the rapacity of the capitalist. This gentleman has seen—and magnified—the demand and proceeded to flood the market with much that borders on rubbish.

For this reason those contemplating the purchase of a motorcyclette or a light car would be wise to delay their choice until next year. Time is an excellent judge, and by next season manufacturers will have had an opportunity of utilising the experience that they have gained. At present anyone who examines half-a-dozen lightweights can scarcely fail to notice glaring faults in some of them. Three weak points are pulleys, tyres and saddles. Many pulleys are absurdly small and that applies to both bicycles and cyclecars. Some pulleys are an unmitigated nuisance in wet weather, when the belt is almost certain to slip. Many machines are being fitted with much too narrow tyres, and some of the saddles I have seen would not by any means do credit to a pedal cycle.

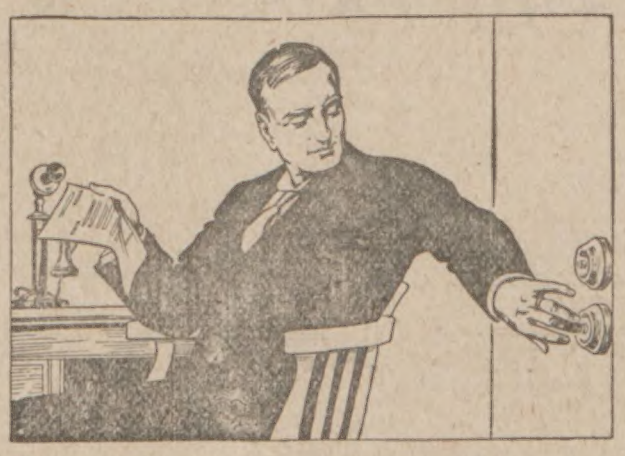
A small four-stroke engine is not to be recommended unless it is fitted with a change speed gear. Otherwise as soon as it gets a little out of tune it will refuse to surmount even the smallest hills without assistance. Two and three speed gears are expensive so the probability is that the future of the cheap motorcycle will be closely associated with the two-stroke engine. Two-stroke machines are remarkably easy to handle, and owing to their simplicity, very rarely give any trouble on the road. They also seem to suit magnetos and carburetters wonderfully well.

Some people are inclined to regard the advent of the modern lightweight with rather too much enthusiasm. One often hears it suggested that riders will no longer pay sixty or seventy pounds for a machine when they can obtain a motorcyclette for less than half that sum. Experience, however, shows this notion to be incorrect. When most of us start motorcycling we make up our minds never to exceed a speed of say twenty miles an hour. This pledge has usually been broken ere the first ride has come to an end. The possession of a two-horse power model is just sufficient to open a man's eyes to the delights of motoring. He soon gets tired of being passed on the road by cars and fellow cyclists and before long, in seven cases out of ten, the motorcyclette has been exchanged for the motorcycle. There is no doubt whatever that there is a ready market for the popular-priced models and the majority of the leading manufacturers are showing their sense by providing them.

E.B.I.

A writer in the "Ladies' Field" says Carpentier eats peaches most appreciatively. And carefully, too, no doubt, to avoid adding stones to his weight.

DO YOU RING



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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"Isn't this climate changeable?" asked the newcomer.

"No," answered the old inhabitant, rather brusquely. "It ain't changeable. Don't you suppose we should have changed it for something else long ago if it had been changeable?"

* * *

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess.

"No, Ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially; "this isn't her pie."

* * *

VERY STRANGE.

In Threadneedle Street,—

Broker: "We see some very strange cases in the 'street.' That seedy-looking chap over there used to be worth £500,000."

Friend: "Gad! And now he is 'busted,' I suppose?"

Broker: "Oh, no. Now he is worth a million pounds. It wouldn't be a strange case at all if he was 'busted.'"

* * *

WOMEN'S AGES.

He: "They say that a man has seven ages."

She: "Women are more stable. They have one and stick to it."

* * *

Vaccinating the modern girl where it won't show is getting to be quite a problem.

* * *

"This is so sudden," she said, blushing at the tender question.

"I know it," he responded gallantly: "I never should have done it, if I had taken time to think about it."

THE JOB THAT WASN'T FINISHED.

Mrs. Thomson: "There! That's the rock I was nearly drowned on once."
Thomson: "Bah! That's a fat lot of interest to me!"

Sydney Bulletin

NEXT TO NOTHING.

One of the buds in a somewhat staid and conservative community, without consulting her mother, or anyone else for that matter, had gone and had made for herself a perfect duck of a new party gown. It was fashioned after the newest French models that have caused comment.

On the first occasion that offered for its exhibition she came down for inspection before going out. When her mother sufficiently recovered she ordered:

"You go right back and take that thing off!"

But daughter is equally as determined as her parent.

"I'll wear this gown or nothing!" she declared firmly.

"Well," said her mother resignedly, "it comes to about the same thing."—*Louisville Times.*

* * *

BETTER TAKE NO CHANCES.

Alice: How many times would you make a man propose to you before you said "yes"?

Marie: If you have to make him propose better say "yes" the first time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

His Errand: "Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes; I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone?"

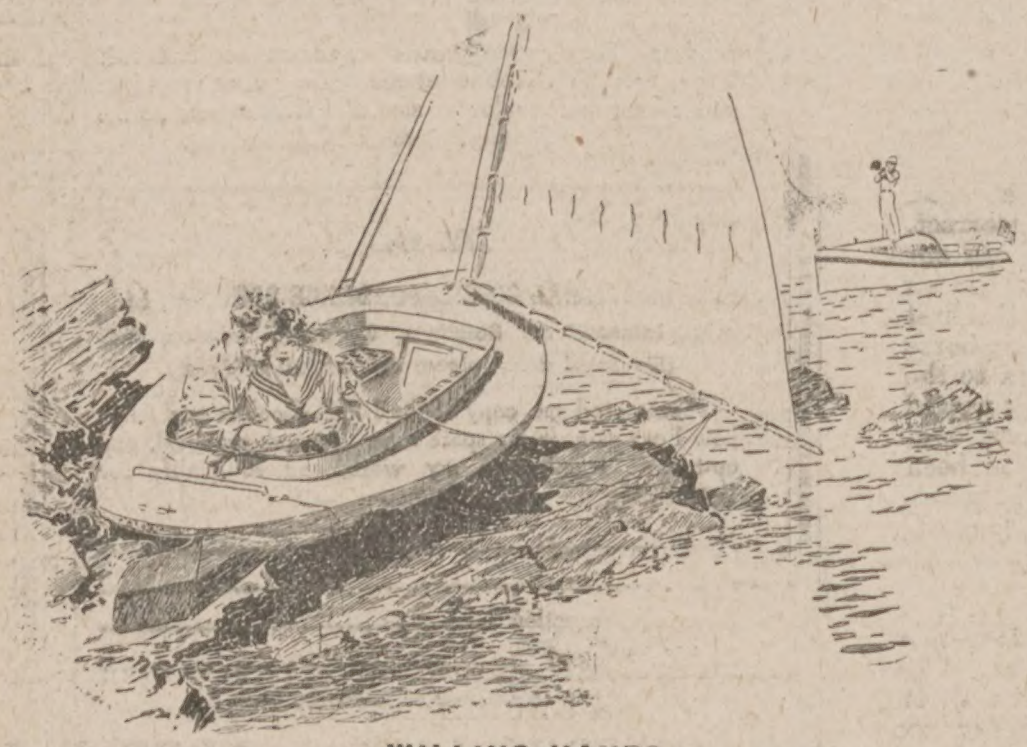
"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."—*Kansas City Star.*

* * *

DRIVEN TO IT.

Lady Macbeth was walking in her sleep.

"My day gowns are too tight," she explained.—*Puck.*



WILLING HANDS.

Voice from Motor-boat: "Ship ahoy! Want any help?"

Puck

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

So the Eton boys have been listening to a little lecture on "nuts." Because they wear their hair long they are told that they look like "nuts" or "something between a civilian and a foreigner"—and the former is evidently used in a bad sense. Probably the average boy has no more wish to be called a "nut" than has his father to be termed a "bounder." The very word conjures up visions of a rather objectionable mixture of effeminateness and conceit. Those in any way connected with schools should however be very careful not to discourage boys from taking an interest in their personal appearance. Personally I rather applaud the tendency to be a "nut"—using the word in its best sense.

* * *

When I was at school nobody's hands were ever clean. Trousers were baggy and patched, while our coats seemed to be a mixture of last year's blazer and an ancient Eton jacket. Collars were invariably ink-stained, and the hair—well, it was really worth complaining of. The modern "nut" simply wears his hair long in order that it may brush flat on his head. In my days we wore our hair longer and didn't trouble to brush it at all. Some time ago one of the magazines published a series of photographs of well-known public men at various stages of their career, and the contrast of their clothes with those they at present wear was something of a revelation. Much of this improvement is due to the activity of the maligned "nut." What a blessing the latter must have been to the outfitter! Some thoroughfares in London, such as Cheapside and Ludgate Hill, seem to be nothing but tailors' and outfitters' shops. They would have been ill-patronised twenty years ago.

* * *

But it is the aim of most people to be dressed well but not extravagantly. "Smart" savours too much of Sunday clothes in some obscure provincial town, bought at some still more obscure provincial tailor's. The well-dressed man is *not* "smart." His suit is quietly distinctive, he carries himself like a gentleman and he is well groomed. It is not everyone who is gifted with good enough taste to avoid the many pitfalls of the world of fashion. Socks are always a source of danger and should be chosen with all due care. Here the tendency is undoubtedly towards quieter colours. Glaring hues are no longer seen at the best clubs or even in the country. A delicate and subdued grey makes a good choice for a plain sock. The black variety with white silk clocks have the great advantage that they can be worn with any kind of suit. Silk socks are not greatly in favour. They seem indeed to be taking a prominent part in the sales, and of course that rather "kills" them. The great thing is to choose those that are *not* transparent. A few people like to see actresses' ankles through their coverings. But it's a thousand to one that no one wants to gaze romantically at the naked feet of man.

* * *

On the whole brown boots and shoes should be avoided. They are all very well in the country where they suit rough tweeds admirably. In London brown boots are well-nigh impossible and the mahogany brown shoes that are at present supposed to be in vogue are only seen on the rarest occasions. They harmonise well with flannel suits but appear to be hopelessly out of place with any more formal attire. Shoes are of course absolutely necessary with flannel trousers. The latter nearly always contrive to shrink sooner or later, and if one's trousers are a trifle short boots look very ugly. On the other hand men are wearing their nether garments shorter and shorter with shoes in order that they may have an opportunity to display some of the socks on which we spend so much money nowadays.

* * *

Certainly bow-ties are greatly in favour and four men out of five seems to have adopted the wing collar. The best ties are blue or black with rather large white spots. The wings of the collar should be pointed and not too small.

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